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Xavier University Newswire

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The Xaverian News

Published by The Social League of the Department of Commerce
St. Xavier College

VOL. III

CINCINNATI, JANUARY, 1918

NO. 4

WITH THE AD-SALES BOYS

Echoes of Some Very Lively Class Sessions.

The Ad-Sales Class is surging right along in the same old enthusiastic way. Yuletide vacation joys and the coal shortage were responsible for a fortnight's break in the every Friday schedule.

December's class sessions were all interesting. It is a pleasure to note the manner in which the students are getting grips on themselves. Self-confidence is evident in the way in which many of them are taking personal part in the class discussions. The plan of introducers as part of the course—brief talks by each of the students—has been enthusiastically endorsed. Gerald Wille was the first to speak, and he gave a most comprehensive view of the leather situation. Tracy Armstrong, of the Cincinnati Post, explained the scope of Classified Advertising and told new tales out of school, how German spies had carried on their propaganda through Classified Advertising until the Government discovered the trick and checkmated it. Adolph Aschenauer, with Chatfield and Woods, was listed for the third talk. His topic was "The Value of a Paper Towel." The student roll will be alphabetically called.

A red-letter night in class history was the one in which Jesse M. Joseph, President of the Advertisers' Club of Cincinnati and head of the Advertising Agency bearing his name, paid his annual visit to St. Xavier. Mr. Joseph has offered gold and silver medals—watch fobs—to be given to the students who present the best lay-out newspaper ads. The handsome trophies were shown to the class. The speaker talked on "Preparing Newspaper Ads" and gave several practical examples. He dissected the model ad as 60 per cent attractiveness, 15 per cent brief, 15 per cent convincing copy and 10 per cent placement or good position. Mr. Joseph urged simple language.

"I once used 'resplendent' in an ad of mine," he confessed, "and when the boss read over the copy of the proof

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SENATOR ROBERT O'BRIEN

Will Lecture At the January Meeting of the Social League.

The League believes in starting the new year off in the best possible manner. Consequently it has arranged with Senator "Bob" O'Brien to have him address the student body at the January meeting, to be held on Friday evening, January 18.

Senator O'Brien needs no introduction to any citizen of Cincinnati. His fame as an orator, no less than a statesman, is common knowledge, and an evening replete with the speaker's well known humor and wit is assured by his gracious acceptance of the League's invitation. The topic of his address will be timely and interesting, but the fact that it is to be delivered by Mr. O'Brien himself is the greatest praise we can give it.

In order to provide a proper setting for this biggest and best meeting of the year, the League has obtained the new Memorial Hall for the occasion. The extensive repairs that have been in progress for the last four months will have been completed by the date set for the meeting, and this will be the first social function to be held in it. Remember the date—January 18.

Accounting

Messrs. Biggs, Crane and Brandel, the Accounting Truismvirate, are back at work with renewed vigor from the holidays and with a bewildering assortment of instances of weird finance. We know now why the bankruptcy laws are enacted.

Bob Trame's letter from Camp Taylor informs us that he succeeded in passing the government accountancy exam. As Bob had only a year of Accountancy proper at St. X. and as the course is better now than ever, the prospects seem exceedingly rosy for those of us who wish to enter government service.

Walter Cahill of first year and Hamilton, entered the Ordnance Department in the latter part of December.

APPRECIATION

Of Our Soldier Lads Expressed in Their Letters.

At the December meeting of the Social League some one made the happy suggestion of giving our soldiers some sort of token at Christmas, to remind them of the fact that St. X. is seriously concerned with their whereabouts and their well-being.

The idea was taken up with enthusiasm, and each of the former students of the Department of Commerce who is now wearing the khaki was the recipient of a box of candy, a package of cigarettes and the following letter:

Dear Friend:

When this Xmas morning dawns it will find you in a situation somewhat different from any you have hitherto experienced. The "folks" and the gifts and the church-going to which you have been accustomed will be absent, and you'll have to depend largely on yourself for your holiday spirit and good cheer.

Because we realize that fact, we've decided to send you a little token, in the form of this letter, that you are still very much in the minds and hearts of at least the boys you left behind you. Yesterday we forwarded you a material reminder of our remembrance. Today we want to say in words what we hope our little package indicated—that our Xmas spirit is big enough to stretch even to Camp—and include you and the pals you've made there. Every man in the Department of Commerce is aware of the fact that you are with the colors in his defense. The least he can do in return is to communicate to you his appreciation.

We wish you the fullest joys of the season. We trust that whatever of the accustomed Yuletide spirit is lacking in the camp will be more than offset by the realization of the high and noble activity in which you are engaged. And we want to make you sure that the fellows back home are with you, to the man, in spirit, now as they may soon be in the flesh.

(Continued on Page 2)

APPRECIATION

A Merry Xmas to you! And may the coming year hold untold good fortune in store for you.

Fraternally,
THE SOCIAL LEAGUE.

Whether or not the League's action was appreciated may best be judged from the following quotations from the replies that have been received:

LONELY AT SHERIDAN

Dear Father Reiner and the Boys at St. X.:

Your very kind and cheery letter received and also the package. It was very good of you to think of me in this way. I want you to know that I appreciate the thought and spirit very much. I think of you and St. X. often and cannot help, but wish I were back there again. You don't know how happy I was to receive your letter and also the package. It helps in a great way to lessen the loneliness, especially at Christmas time.

I know the spirit of St. X. will stretch over the seas with us, should it be necessary for us to go over there. My kindest regards to you, Father, and all the boys.

Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year, I am,

Very truly yours,
WM. C. KENNALLY.

REEMELIN COMES TO EARTH
LONG ENOUGH TO WRITE

Gentlemen:

You must be told how much I appreciate the Christmas gift and the letter of good cheer that came shortly after. Trials are many and hard in this life, and the fact that my old pals at St. X. are with me in this "scrap" is indeed a great consolation.

Gentlemen, I can't be with you in body, but let me at least be with you in spirit to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Yours,
C. B. REEMELIN.

HE'LL BE A STUDENT IN 1923

Dear Father Reiner:

It certainly delighted me to hear from my old friends at dear "Old St. X." and I appreciate the package I received the other day.

Although I feel it my duty to be here, I would like to be back this year to finish my course and be with you again. You can rest assured that when I do get back, I will begin where I left off.

The training and climate have done wonders to me down here and I enjoy it very much. That is one benefit all get by enlisting and none ever regret it. We can all use our education to good advantage in the army,

so that is where St. X. is doing her bit in this war.

Here's hoping it will not be long before this great conflict is over and I will be with you again. May the coming year be a successful one for the college and all connected with it. Give my regards and best wishes to all. Fraternally,

FRANK G. SCHAEFER.

BEFORE AND—

Joyous Christmas greetings to you. Great all the fellows in my name. Will let you know my address later. Have not been assigned to a company.

GEORGE W. BUDDE.

AFTER

To my old pals at St. Xavier:

Greetings! It was very good and greatly appreciated. I'm the luckiest "rookie" here. No one else has such good friends. All of you write me when you get a chance.

GEORGE W. BUDDE,
78th Co., 1st Section "D,"
Paris Island, S. C.

A WORD FROM THE LOUISVILLE
SAGE

Dear Father Reiner:

Your kind and interesting letter of December 10, together with the token and Social League papers, have been received and appreciated. Receiving a letter such as this, and the remembrance, brings back to me the many happy hours spent at old St. Xavier, and the good old boys of my accounting class and the Social League.

My advice to my old classmates is to keep up their good work in accounting and finance. I passed an examination for a United States expert accountant at Washington and two weeks ago received a telegram that I had received an appointment at \$1400 per year. The commanding officer of our battalion and my company commander did their utmost to locate me in Washington, but on account of the war I could not be transferred to another branch of the service. I know if my old friends take up this exam, they certainly will make good.

As for the army life, I can say that during the three and a half months I have been down here, it has been a wonderful education in every respect. I have gained twenty-one pounds and am taller than when I arrived. Our officers are polished men, have had past experience and take a great interest in the men. The 327th Machine Gun Battalion is made up of men from Covington and Newport, including the three first increments. Seventy-five per cent of this battalion is Catholic and many of old St. Xavier's boys are very prominent. We will have a grand party here on

Christmas day and I assure you I will not forget you and the boys on this day.

Hoping that this letter will find you in the best of health and wishing you, the professors, and students, a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year, I remain,

Sincerely,
SGT. ROBERT B. TRAME.

A CARD FROM DOWN IN SAN
ANTONIO

Dear Friends and Old Pals at St. Xavier:

Your fine letter, sweets and smokes made this Christmas more like the good old days gone by for me and other boys here in camp. Thanking you and wishing you a Happy New Year, I remain,

Yours gratefully,
WM. H. DIEMAN.

AND A LETTER FROM OUT
IOWAY WAY

Camp Dodge,
Des Moines, Iowa.

To my pals at Old St. Xavier.

My dear friends:

It is with a feeling of much gratitude that I write you, my friends and pals at old St. Xavier. You have sent to me, way out in Iowa, much Christmas cheer, not only in the much appreciated gifts of good sweets and cigarettes, but also in your kind letter assuring me that I am still very much in the minds and hearts of the boys I left behind me. Truly it is hard to be away from home and the family circle on that day, all hallowed and blest, when the words "Peace on earth to man" resound o'er heaven and earth and vibrate every human fibre with the true spirit of joy and kindness.

Your remembrances have been sources of great pleasure to us and the fact that you have spread the Christmas spirit way out to Camp Dodge is a proof that it is sincere and one to be admired. This feeling and assurance given us, that the fellows back home are with us to a man in spirit now and are willing to be in action fills us with a great deal of satisfaction and a confidence of a speedy victory in this just cause of ours.

Wm. M. Brennan, of Covington, an old St. Xavier boy, is a Lieutenant in the U. S. R. and stationed out here at Camp Dodge. We have the good fortune of being "bunkies" together. We have enjoyed the smokes and the sweets immensely and we want to take this opportunity of thanking you from the bottom of our hearts.

With best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year to each and every one,

Yours sincerely,
LIEUT. JOSEPH A. VERKAMP.

APPRECIATION

DON'T MENTION IT, B. H.

Dear Father:

I want to thank you and the members of the Social League for the candy, cigarettes and the letter. That kind of thing helps a man much more than one in civil life would think.

Things are getting in better shape every day up here. The glad news that thirty per cent of the men would be allowed to go home for Christmas was announced yesterday and I surely hope I will be lucky enough to get a pass.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am,

Yours respectfully,

B. H. KROGER, Jr.

MORE GRATITUDE FROM TAYLOR

Dear Friends:

Received your box and certainly appreciated it to know that you all thought of us. Thanking you all a thousand times and wishing you a Happy and Prosperous New Year, I remain,

Yours forever,

AL. SCHUB.

LIEUTENANT DUANE SPEAKS

The Social League,
St. Xavier College,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Friends:

I want to thank you for your kind gift I received on Christmas. It really made me feel good, and while I did wish that I could be back home with the rest on Christmas, I was glad I was here because I knew the fellows were behind me.

We had a very enjoyable Christmas here at camp. Plenty of turkey, Christmas trees and presents for the men. A lieutenant and myself played Santa Claus by giving out presents to the men in Headquarters Company and I might add that every one received a present. By a present I mean a box containing a book, handkerchief, cigarettes and candy. I feel positive that some of the men never had such a good Christmas. I ate dinner with the boys of Headquarters Company and I say it was a regular Christmas dinner.

I met our old enemy, Bob Trama, at midnight mass Christmas. The fact that Bob is in the army does not seem to bother him at all. His expressions of what the "Suicide Club" is going to do when they get to France might lead you to believe that the war will be over very shortly. Leave it to Bob. He is looking well and getting fat.

In conclusion, let me wish the members of the Social League a successful

New Year, even though I am a little late with my greetings. Again thanking you for your interest (not accrued interest either) I am,

Yours very truly,

ELLARD B. DUANE.

And finally, from far-away "Somewhere-in-France" comes the following letter from Sergeant Taske. Of course, this is not in answer to our Christmas message, because the mails don't travel so fast; but it breathes of the spirit of St. X. and it has place here.

American Expeditionary Forces,
Somewhere in France.

To the Editor of the Xavierian News:

It was with great pleasure that I read the tribute "To Our Boys in Khaki" which was published in your October issue.

You said therein that it was a matter of only weeks since we were all "pulling together in the same boat," but to me it seems like years since I walked through the corridors of "Old St. Xavier" discussing the different topics with my professors and fellow students. One thing is sure though, and that is, I have not forgotten the social gatherings and I don't see how any participant therein could forget them.

It is true that I am now listening to somebody else's jokes (including French Jokes) but the jokes that were cracked in St. Xavier by Ren Mulford were original, while the ones I now hear are all old and lack the "pep." I notice you also mention "midnight oil." It is known as "Merry Muehlage" over here and as "Tape" has become a very popular tune I never get the opportunity to burn any of it.

I am still sitting at a desk and at times have the chance of using some of the knowledge of Accounting which I received at the College.

The fact of the matter is that I now have more "Blue Mondays" than ever before. They are due to the long periods between mail from home.

You also state that "If it is your fortune to go across, let this be your God-speed." I have had the good fortune to be "Somewhere in France" for the past four months, and have so far enjoyed my experience very much. My advice to the boys back home is to get under the protecting wing of Uncle Sam and join their friends who are already over here.

I might suggest that a French class be established as I think it would be of untold value to the boys. I am now speaking from experience.

I sure wish to express my sincerest thanks for the praise and good feeling which the fellows are bestowing upon all the boys who are now in the service of Uncle Sam.

Wishing all the boys of "Old St.

Xavier" the best of success in their studies for the coming year, I remain,

An Old-timer of St. Xavier,

WM. E. TASKE.

Ed. Note. — The NEWS will always be glad to receive letters from former Department of Commerce students who are now in service. Descriptions, personal experiences, or just plain "Old Army Stuff" will be acceptable and available for publication.

Business English

With admirable zest the men of the English classes are back from Christmas recess to go forward with the problems that confront them in 1918. Al Duzek, of the advanced class, is the only man not to return. He has accepted a desk with Uncle Sam and will work Somewhere in the East.

The work mapped out for the coming year will be ample to keep the classes on the jump if it is to be finished by June. There will be as much "English" as formerly, and more "Business."

Herget and Sweeney, the pin hounds, are trying to organize a howling club. May they prosper.

Later reports inform us that Charley Hogan may now be handling accounts for the government. He has taken an exam for expert accountant;—which is to say that he passed. Some boy, that Charley.

BASKET BALL

By this time the boys are tossing the old pill around St. X.'s fine new gym. Prospects, which have always been poor on account of a lack of facilities, are the brightest we have ever had. The new floor is one of the best and roomiest in the city and is up-to-date in every particular.

Mr. Fisher, faculty manager, has arranged a high school tournament for the twenty-second and twenty-third of February. The championship of southern Ohio, northern Kentucky and Indiana will be decided and a number of trophies awarded.

HARRY BRIDWELL'S VENTURE

Harry Millane Bridwell, of the Ad-Sales class of 1915-1916, has left the U. S. Lithographing Co. and has plunged into business for himself. With Arthur Fischer he is going in for commercial art and has located in the Second National Bank Building.

ARE YOU HUMAN?

You can't send anything to a soldier that he will appreciate more than a letter. Here are the names and addresses of "OUR BOYS." You know some of them at least. Sit right down and send off a newsy little note or two—and be happy in the knowledge that you've made somebody's path a bit brighter. DO IT NOW!

Herbert Beck, Co. C, 147th N. F. Infantry, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

Lieut. Wm. M. Brennan, Co. C., 1st Battalion, 349th Infantry, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.

George W. Budde, 78th Co., 1st Section "D," Paris Island, S. C.

Corp. W. C. Brown, Co. A, 147th U. S. Infantry, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

J. M. Chamberlain, Co. B, 327th Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

Arthur J. Conway, Co. A, 330th Infantry, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O.
William Curtin, Battery D, 5th Section, 138th F. A. N. G., Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

William H. Diesman, Kelly Field No. 1, San Antonio, Texas.

Lieut. Ellard Duane, 325th Regiment, Field Artillery, Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

Frank Favret, Co. D, 330th Infantry, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O.

James Feck, Hdqrs. Detachment, 12th Engineers' Railway, American Expeditionary Forces, France.

Corp. Harry Gilligan, Medical Department, 16th Engineers (Ry.), U. S. A. —A. E. F., via New York.

John Glaser, Division Headquarters, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O.

John Heitker, M. G. C. 330th Regiment, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O.

Corp. L. M. Heitz, Watervliet Arsenal, Co. 4, Ordnance Section Reserve, Watervliet, New York.

Matt L. Holleran, Medical Detachment, 112th Engineers, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

W. C. Kennally, 3rd Ohio Ambulance Corps, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

B. H. Kroger, Jr., Hdqrs. Co., 330th Regiment, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O.

Leo H. Mersman, Co. H, 330th Infantry, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O.

Clarence Reemelin, U. S. Aero Station, Royal Flying Corps, U. S. Navy, Bldg. 119, Pensacola, Fla.

Cyril J. Roll, Co. 13, 4th Training Battalion, 153th Brigade (Infantry), Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O.

Frank Schaefer, Battery E, 136th Regiment, Field Artillery, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

Aleisius Schuh, Co. B, 327th Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

Chas. B. Skimerton, 148th U. S. Infantry, M. G. Company, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

Sgt. Louis Strubbs, Q. M. Corps, National Army, care American Expeditionary Forces, France.

William E. Taske, Q. M. C. N. A., Sergeant First Class, American Expeditionary Forces, France.

Sgt. Robert Trame, Co. A, 327th Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

Lieut. Joseph Verkamp, 163rd Depot Brigade, 2nd Battery, Company G, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.

Edward Yunker, 2119 First street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

DR. C. J. BROEMAN

Delivers Illustrated Address.

On Friday evening, December 14, the Social League was afforded an unusual treat in the well-known address of Dr. C. J. Broeman, of this city, on "Keeping Yourself Fit." Despite the inclemency of the weather and the fact that there were various other activities in town, a large audience was on hand to hear the talk and were not disappointed in its expectations.

Dr. Broeman is in charge of H2 at the General Hospital, and his practice is limited to diseases of the skin and blood. The fact that he spoke as an expert served to make his address the more interesting, and he held his listeners attentive for something more than an hour and a half.

The first part of the lecture dealt with the origin and prevalence of diseases in various walks of life. Statistics were quoted to show a rather startling presence of unsuspected diseases.

After this broad outlining of the subject Dr. Broeman started the illustrated part of his lecture. The slides used, two hundred in number, possessed the unusual qualification of being a unified and logical whole. First was shown the typical story that results from neglect of health; then specific cases and their methods of treatment and cure. The lecture was made more effective by the invitation of the doctor to ask any question that might present itself to his auditors.

The Social League is to be congratulated upon obtaining the services of such an authority upon such an instructive and timely topic. The League wishes to express its thanks to the Free Lecture Bureau of the Hamilton County Federation of Catholic Societies, through which the lecture was made possible.

Keep Fighting

Let cowards dream of sheltered ease. Your place is on the firing line. You honor yourself and humanity most when you struggle day and night for whatever you have started out to do that is worth while.

No matter whether it is a living to make, a personal weakness to overcome, an obligation to fulfill, or an ambitious purpose to accomplish, you must not stop or turn aside. Hold firmly to your purpose.

It is as cowardly for you to give up a struggle before you are overpowered as it is to retreat and say "I can't" without trying.

Arm yourself with an iron will, tempered with justice and kindness and keep fighting toward the goal you wish to reach until you stand victorious, or have spent your last ounce of energy in an honest effort to gain the victory.

Poverty, grief, failure—any or all of these may have a strangle hold on you, but what will you gain by giving up? Nothing but the immediate realization of the doom against which you are struggling.

Keep your self-respect and your power of will and you can build empires out of the ashes of ruin into which today's fights may crowd you.

Put fight into your determination—put iron into your purpose—defy your environment and your circumstances to crush from you the ambition to be what you want to be, to do what you want to do.

Square your shoulders to the fight. Let every hour that you live, every thought you think, every breath you draw be imbued with one indomitable resolution to stay in the battle and keep fighting—nay, more, to advance to the place where the fighting is thickest.

You have the ability to win. Use it! Don't be a quitter!

Your God is the God of Faith, Strength and Justice.

Against everything that would defeat your life's work hurl the daily defiance, "I am unconquerable!"

KEEP FIGHTING!

RAY FOLZ VICTOR

Ray Folz, one of the Ad-Sales boys in 1915-1916, and now located in Detroit, ran down to spend the Christmas holidays with his people. In a recent ad contest conducted by the Detroit Street Car Company, Mr. Folz carried St. Xavier's colors on to the top and captured the first prize. Mr. Folz came down from Detroit to spend the holidays in his old home.

The Xaverian News

Subscription, per year.....50 Cents
Single Copies.....5 Cents

F. J. Rose.....Editor-in-Chief
Joseph Schmitt.....
Henry J. Oenbrink.....} Asst. Editors
Charles O'Dowd.....}
Fred. J. Lemker.....Circulation
Gerald Wille.....Advertising
Herbert A. Nieman.....Business Manager

STUDENT ENLISTMENTS

Have you enlisted?

Many a time, when you see a demonstration by the boys in khaki or read a letter from the camps or abroad, you ask yourself seriously why you haven't volunteered, don't you? When you realize that so many of your friends have gone, you feel as though you should be with them. It sometimes seems that you are strangely alone back home and that you should be away and in the service.

All of which is quite natural; and without the existence of the Selective Service Law your duty would be to offer your brains and body to your government. But since that law is in operation, it is no indication of a lack of patriotism for you to wait for the time when authority is ready to place you at the station you are best able to fill.

A prime purpose of the questionnaire is to determine the exact ability of each individual registrant, so that he may be designated to that service which most needs him and for which he is best prepared. It shows no want of spirit to allow your country to call you to the station where it needs you most.

You are sure of seeing service. The best informed men agree that the war must go on for years and there will be no decrease in the need for men. The patriotism of today prompts today's enlistments. But the patriotism that looks ahead, the patriotism that prompts its possessor to continue to fit himself to serve later is no less laudable. Even after the war, a period of economic and political reconstruction must occur which will demand the best thought, the highest training of the nation.

We must not be penny wise and pound foolish. The student who continues to prepare himself by drilling his intellect, so as to be at his best when his government calls, will do as much for his country as his fellow who answers the first call. The draft will tell us when we are needed and place us where we are needed. Assuredly, then, there is no real necessity, from motives of patriotism or reason, of our taking on ourselves the determination of these questions.

Bon Mots & What Nots

by H. LUXE

A Reverse

Before each Christmas rolls around I start to give the folks my thanks. Because I know my gifts will be Some ties and socks and shirts and hanks.

But this year, I am glad to say,
They handed me a big surprise.
For in my holy sock I found
Some hanks and shirts and socks and ties.

Nix!

Coal famine in Cincy? Have a look from the top of the Union Central. We can run a locomotive from here to Somewhere on the carbon that's floating around over our heads.

Wise Willy

Teacher—Willy, what is the derivation of "compliment?"

Willy—From English "con"—hot air; and Latin "pleo"—to fill.

After Two Months at Sherman

Lieut. (Instructing)—Private Jones, how many men in that crowd over there digging a trench?

Private Jones—Eight privates and an officer.

L.—How do you know that one is an officer?

P. J.—Because he's the only one that's not working, sir.

Savvy?

You should not
Say "Bon Mot."
Be French, y'know,
'N say "Bon Mot."

Impossible Things

An engagement ring that isn't grand.
Sensible Christmas gifts.
The Kaiser.
A comfortable dress shirt.
A baby that isn't cute.
A wide-awake cabaret-hound on January 1.
A seat in a Crosstown car.

Grasius!

Myrt—Did the boys seem happy to leave for France?
Glad—Happy? My dear, they were in transports.

AD-SALES BOYS

he said, "What does that mean?" "It means," I replied, "that it is going to go out of the ad." Use words that your office boy will understand."

On another evening the class instructor, Ben Mulford, Jr., gave his virile paper, "Heavy Hitting in the Advertising League." It was filled with stories with the advertising punch.

On the last session before Christmas, the class sent an autographed letter of greeting to George W. Budde, their fellow student, who had enlisted in the U. S. Marines and is at Paris Island, S. C.

Santa Claus came early to the class. President C. D. Hogan "subbed" for Santa Claus and every fellow who had brought a little gift shared in the distribution of presents. Stanley Hittner and Edward Junker who was here from Washington, were class guests. Each student unwrapped his gift as he received it to the hilarious delight of the merry-makers. The presents ran all the way from 11 cents in real money to cigarette cases, Ivory soap, ukuleles and a 1918 jitney. The class professor gave each of the boys an autographed Christmas letter.

Messages came from C. J. Roll, in service at Camp Sherman, Assistant Postmaster for his regiment.

January's outlook is fine. Ben Sexton, advertising and sales manager for C. W. Breneman Co., will tell "Some Honest to Goodness Tales of the Road"—sales successes made possible by good advertising. "Putting News into Newspaper Advertising" is another paper the instructor has prepared on timeliness in advertising. Melville Snowden, of Ph. Morton's staff, and Harry W. Grafe, editor of "The Underfeed News," are two speakers soon to come.

Among the souvenirs of the month were booklets "Through Death Valley," distributed with the compliments of Norton Harget, with the Dodge Brothers.

Bookkeeping

The medal (if there is a medal, which I suppose there isn't) for attendance for the first half of the current year, must go to the class in Bookkeeping. Only one man has been lost so far—Maler, who is in the army—and the rest of the class are consistently in attendance. In fact, it takes something like a Green Line tie-up, or Mr. Burns' absence to keep us away.

Part I of our work was completed on December 2. Now for the home stretch.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY CONTROL

So many happenings of tremendous import have occurred since the beginning of the war that the magnitude of the recent step of the government in taking over the control of the railroads is almost lost sight of. It is taken as a matter of course. Yet it works a very material change in the biggest of American industries and explodes some economic theories that have been held sacred for years.

That "competition is the life of trade" has gone into the discard. That has been an axiom reiterated by business men, preached by politicians, and insisted upon by college professors for the last several generations; and by a stroke of his pen, our president has destroyed its popularity and good standing, perhaps forever.

Railway managers have gone on, time out of mind, rabidly rebating and bidding for business with high-priced freight solicitors and luxurious passenger service. Yet immediately upon the adoption of governmental control they were converted from the "competition" to the "consolidation" idea. It is a terrific jolt that a long respected principle has received.

It is claimed that one of the effects to be looked for under government control is the resignations of many of the high-salaried officials whose executive ability has made the roads successful and whose remunerations will be considerably lessened. This may be an evil, but it will be a temporary one. Big men are undoubtedly needed; but "no man is so good that some one else can't take his place." There are officials and assistants aplenty who have ability without plutocratic ideas and who are capable of filling the high places. Moreover, since competition is only a memory, skilled competitors will be quite useless.

It is doubtful what effect the change will have upon the men in the ranks. The proposed activity for a 40 per cent increase has been postponed for 60 days; but the Brotherhoods still claim the constitutional right to strike. The situation may be tense when the 60 days have been accomplished.

By and large, the country seems to favor the step taken by Mr. Wilson. Conditions in rail traffic for the past twelve months have been intolerable. It would be a poor change, indeed, that was not a change for the better, and since the railroad heads were granted full opportunity to solve their own problems, and failed, they had nothing else to expect.

Government control, or ownership, will succeed. Once the mighty engine of centralized authority has been ad-

justed, we may be sure of a more efficient service that is absolutely necessary for the conduct of the war. Competition is dead. Long live consolidation.

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle the troubles that came your way

With a resolute heart and cheerful,
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?

Oh, a trouble is a ton, or a trouble is an ounce,

Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,

But only, how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well,
what's that?

Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,

But to lie there—that's the disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;

Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;

It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death,
what then?

If you've battled the best you could.
If you played your part in the world of men,

Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce,

And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts

But only—how did you die?

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

SUPPORT THE ATHENAEUM

The students of the Department of Commerce would do well to become better acquainted with "The Athenaeum," the magazine of the college.

It is a quarterly, published by the men of the day school and maintains a very high standard. It follows the make-up of the usual college magazine and is under the management of an exceptionally able staff.

The Christmas issue is typical of what may be consistently expected from the publication. A number of short stories, some verse, an essay, the editorials, chronicle, class and alumni notes are all of interest, especially to students of the institution.

The NEWS bespeaks the support of the students of this department. Special subscription rates are to be had on application to the secretary. It will be a good "buy" for you.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Holds Important Session at St. X.

The war censors have at length permitted us to make public the fact that the lower house of Congress held its most important session since the outbreak of hostilities at St. X. on Monday, December 17, from 7:30 to 9:30 in Public Speaking Hall. After a spirited debate the House finally decided that it would be to the best interests of the country for the government to take over the Railroads and so instructed the President. The action taken by the Chief Executive is matter of common knowledge.

On the Calendar of the Public Speaking Class we find scheduled a session of the Senate (for obvious reasons, date of session and subject of discussion cannot be made public), a meeting of the Central Council of Labor Unions and of a fraternal organization, a banquet, a short story round table, etc.

The splendid work begun by Mr. O'Meara is being continued during his absence by Father Reiner and comprises the theory and practice of breath control, voice culture, gesture and action, impromptu, extempore and prepared speaking, reading and interpretation, debating and parliamentary law. It is our ambition to furnish the country able speakers who will assist materially in guiding the ship of state into proper channels after the war. If you wish to spend a delightful evening, just step into our class room some Monday evening. You will not leave before 9:30.

You can cure a ham in dry salt and you can cure it in sweet pickle, and when you're through, you've got pretty good eating either way, provided you started in with a sound ham. If you didn't, it doesn't make any special difference how you cured it—the ham-tryer's going to strike the sour spot around the bone. And it doesn't make any difference how much sugar and fancy pickle you soak into a fellow; he's no good unless he's sound and sweet at the core.

When wilt Thou save the people?

Oh, God of Mercy, when?

Not Kings and Lords, but nations;

Not Thrones and Crowns—but men!

Flowers of Thy heart, O God! are they.

Let them not pass like weeds away!

Their heritage a sunless day.

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

—E. Elliott.